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WHITTIER'S UNKNOWN ROMANCE

Whittier, John Greenleaf

WHITTIER'S UNKNOWN ROMANCE

LETTERS TO
ELIZABETH LLOYD

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
MARIE V. DENERVAUD

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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1922

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INTRODUCTION

Samuel T. Pickard, in his *Life and Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier*, quotes the reminiscences of Whittier's Philadelphia life, written by Susan E. Dickenson. She says: "Among the young women to whom we girls looked up with interest and admiration in those days was Elizabeth Lloyd, Jr., author of many beautiful poems, and there was a special glamour attached to her, because she was understood to be one of the very few with whom Whittier was really on terms of warm personal friendship, outside of his firm and faithful comradeship with his anti-slavery friends."

There had long been a tradition in the Lloyd family that Whittier had been in love with Elizabeth; that he had wanted to marry her in the early days, in Philadelphia, and again, after her husband had died; and that it was because of this that he had never married. These letters, left by Elizabeth to her sister, Hannah Lloyd Neall, confirmed this tradition, and now it seems well that their record of love and friendship should not be lost. Whittier

says in one of the letters, "What the world suffers from is the lack of love, not the excess of it." The spirit of a love of such simplicity and purity and sweetness breathes through these letters, that it throws an added lustre on the character of the poet.

Elizabeth Lloyd, Jr., was born in Philadelphia, August 19, 1811. She developed a strong literary talent, and wrote some remarkable poems at an early age. One of them, "Milton's Prayer of Patience," published anonymously, was believed to have been written by Milton, and is included among his poems in several editions.

At the time that Whittier was first in Philadelphia in 1837, he often visited the Lloyd family, and he was greatly charmed by Elizabeth, who was not only beautiful, but witty and brilliant. In 1853 Elizabeth married Robert Howell, who was not a member of the Society of Friends, and in consequence the wedding could not be solemnized in the Friends Meeting. Indeed, the rules of the Society of Friends were so strict at that time that, although she was married in her father's house, her parents did not feel that they could be present at the wedding, though most of the younger members of the family were there. Elizabeth was "read out of

Meeting" for having married outside of the Society, but she registered so strong a protest that she was readmitted. Whittier says of this: "I cannot tell thee how rejoiced I am to hear of thy success in maintaining thy place in our Society. It is a very rare instance. I scarcely know of another like it."

After three years of married life — a period "which, brief as it was, had the length of years in its completeness" — Robert Howell died. It was several years after this that Elizabeth and Whittier met again, and it was in this later period that most of these letters were written.

While deeply attracted to each other, they were temperamentally very different; the romance never culminated, but it added a richness and understanding to both their lives which was a treasure to them always.

Hawthorne, in his Journal, gives this picture of Elizabeth: "As I was sitting in the boudoir this morning, Mrs. Peters came in, and said that a lady wanted to see me. The visitor was a lady, quite young and comely, with pleasant and intelligent eyes, in a pretty Quaker dress. She offered me her hand, and spoke with much simplicity of her interest in my work, and of Lowell, Whittier, James,

Melville, the scenery, and of various other matters. Her manners were very agreeable: the Quaker simplicity, and the little touch of Quaker phraseology, gave piquancy to her refinement, and air of society. She had a pleasant smile and eyes that readily responded to one's thoughts, so that it was not difficult to talk to her; a singular, but yet a gentle freedom in expressing her own opinions; an entire absence of affectation; and on the whole it was the only pleasant visit I ever experienced in my capacity of author. She did not bore me with laudations of my own writings, but merely said that there are some authors with whom we feel ourselves privileged to become acquainted by the nature of our sympathy with their writings — or something to that effect. Finally she rose to depart and I ushered her to the gate, where, as she took leave, she told me her name — Elizabeth Lloyd — and bidding me farewell, she went on her way, and I saw her no more."

MARIE V. DENERVAUD

BOSTON, March, 1922

LETTERS TO ELIZABETH LLOYD

WHITTIER'S UNKNOWN ROMANCE

* * *

LETTERS TO ELIZABETH LLOYD

1

Amesbury, 28, 8 month [1841?]

My dear Friend,

I did not think when I left Philadelphia that so long a period would pass without hearing from thee and thine: — but I suppose the fault will be charged as usual upon myself. How have you passed the summer? What have you read and written? What new combinations, beautiful or grotesque, has the kaleidoscope of existence exhibited? Does Elizabeth Nicholson still exercise her good-natured wit at the expense of her friends? Perhaps, however, long ere this you have quarrelled with each other and like Coleridge's barons, when —

> "Never either found another
> To free the hollow heart from paining,"

or one or the other of you may have found a new object of attention, and, like Cousin Margaret and

Martha, have no further use for old friends! For who can calculate upon the changes which the "Whirligig of Time" may effect in three short months? I sometimes shudder when I think of the mighty interests, the changes, the life and death, the meetings and farewells, the joy, the agonies that are compressed into a single moment of time! But I will not trouble thee with my serious moods.

I have not seen Ann Wendell since I left her at Providence, soon after Yearly Meeting. I have heard incidentally that she was quite unwell at Newport, but delayed writing and did not know whether she was there or at home. Elizabeth wrote her some time ago, but rec'd no answer. We hope to hear that she has recovered from her illness.

Before John Canellen and wife left this country, they persuaded me to send out to them a few of my poems, as they wished to have them republished in England. I find that I cannot obtain the pieces here which I want. Is it asking too much of thee and Elizabeth Nicholson to request you to copy for them the following pieces? — "Thomas Chalkley," "Lines on Receiving a Cane of the Pa. Hall Ruins," "The Exiles, a Tale of New England," "The Norseman," "Gov. Porter," "The New Year's Address

for 1830 in the Pa. Freeman," "The Funeral Tree of the Sokokis," "The Cypress Tree of Ceylon," "The World's Convention," "Daniel Wheeler." If you could, at your leisure, copy them for me, and place them in the hands of some one who is coming on to Salem or Lynn, you will confer a favor upon me, for which I shall feel grateful.

I have only time to add that both E. and myself would rejoice to hear from thee, whenever thee has a disposition to converse by letter with thy friends on the banks of the Merrimac. Elizabeth is sick with a headache, and I fear cannot write by this opportunity.

Ever and truly thy friend.

2

Amesbury, 11, 4 month, 1842

My dear Friend E. L.,

Eureka! it is found! The package of MSS. which thee and Elizabeth Nicholson were kind enough to copy for me is at hand. Some three months ago, when I was away, a bundle of papers came to the P.O. for me: so I was told. As the postmaster said they were sealed up at both ends, and that he should therefore not let me have them as so many

papers, I paid no further attention to it, but left it as I had a hundred things of the kind before, to find its way to the General Post-Office. The other day I was in the P.O. and the postmaster put this package into my hands, and said it was, he believed, MS. and not newspapers, and I saw at once thy handwriting. So that mystery is solved. Many thanks to you both for your kindness, and I trust I shall some day be able in part to reciprocate it, although I am afraid I am not half grateful enough for the pains which my friends so cheerfully take to oblige me.

This letter will be taken to P. by a young friend of Sister's and mine, Harriet Maitland, of Portland, Me., a girl of fine mind. She has written some beautiful pieces of poetry, strongly imbued with the new Boston philosophy. I wish thee could know her, as well as her sister Louisa M. Sewall, of Boston, who is also with her at Philadelphia, in company with their sick mother.

I regretted to find by Ann's letter that thee had not been well this winter: but art thou not glad the Spring has at last come? For myself I feel thankful for it: but our east winds here are dreadful and will grow worse for the next six weeks. I long to be in

Philadelphia, mainly to see you all — but partly to escape these bitter blue Northeasters.

Tell Elizabeth Nicholson that by great good fortune she escaped getting printed in that Boston Book. It was a failure compared to our North Star — an utter failure. I am glad for your sakes that you are not immortalized in it. Your [an indecipherable word], etc., was the admiration of Boston folks.

J. Story's book is, I understand, in preparation for republication here. What will Friends do with him? I am writing in a gallop, as I have only a moment more to spare. Has thee seen "Zanoni," Bulwer's new mysticism? I have read it because my organ of marvelousness got excited by hearing about it. I ought not to read such things, but I can't well help it sometimes. Elizabeth Nicholson speaks in her letter about L. and H. Hoag. Did thee meet them? and did n't thee like them? They are our best sort of folks, the excellent of the earth.

In great haste; so pardon my blunders, and remember me kindly to all the family and believe me truly thy friend.

P.S. Do send me something from thy pen. I know thee has something written.

3

Amesbury, 20, 8 mo., 1842

My dear Friend Elizabeth,

I embrace a spare moment — a lull in the unmitigated gale of talk which we have had since our friend W. J. A. has been with us — to write thee a line — not, however, a letter — and if I write incoherently attribute the odd ideas to W. J. A., who, dispite his hoarseness from a cold, has been abundant in his conversational dispensations. We were very glad to see him and hear directly from so many of our Philadelphia friends. My friends, like Charles Lamb's, are to me a glorious possession — a rich mine of wealth — calling forth from my heart a silent thanksgiving when I look them over in memory as a miser does his gold, one by one passing in their varied beauty and goodness before me. Is it nothing that I have felt the kindly smile of the pure-hearted Follen "sliding into my soul," that I have enjoyed the rare and beautiful companionship of Lucy Hooper, and of others who, though dead to the world, are to me living realities? Who shall set a value in the world's coin upon the worth of the intellectual communion I have enjoyed, and still enjoy,

with the Channings, the Pierponts, the Longfellows, and the Bryants, with the Welds and Binneys and the Goodells, and others engaged in the cause of humanity? And my correspondence — what a comfort to look over old, friendly letters! — to anticipate new ones! And *thy* letters and thy poetical sketches which I have, I estimate highly. They are unlike others — *unique* — the poetry of Quakerdom — graceful yet with a solemn beauty and reverence which reminds one of the Quaker gallery, with its fine selections from the oriental richness of the Scriptures. Is n't it time, by the way, for that picture gallery of the Friends to be forthcoming? Of course thou art engaged upon it: as it would be very wrong to let my *concern* in the matter fall to the ground.

Will Alleson wanted to make a visit to the old farm at Haverhill; so off we went, like Southey's pilgrims to Compostella. Was n't it very closely verging on the sublime of the ridiculous? But let me warn thee and thy friends not to laugh about it. Look upon it as a serious matter. Sister E. laughs at it in spite of my gravity, and thinks it altogether uncanonical for a saint to visit his own shrine.

I am interrupted — I cannot even allude to thy

kind unanswered letter: but must find some other opportunity.

In haste thy friend.

P.S. E. read me a paragraph from a note of thine about "Zanoni." Thee calls it a wicked book, and I suppose the sin of thy reading it will fall upon my head. Does n't thee suppose that was the very identical "book of Imagination" against which the good old Friends spoke at North Meeting last year at the Yearly Meeting time?

4

Second day morning

William goes this morning in the seven o'clock conveyance, and as he will probably show thee a little poem of mine which I have copied for him, I wish to state that it was not written for publication, but wholly for the person to whom it was addressed — a Western young lady of much intelligence. I accompanied it with a copy of Woolman. I don't think I ever wrote thee of Jerryman, a friend of mine, a clergyman, the admirable translator of the beautiful and graceful German poem of "Undine." In a late letter to me he says: "It is beautiful to recognize in a man who lived more than 100 years ago

the lineaments of the same divine spirit which we have so lately seen manifested in our loved and lost Follen. A sublime singleness and purity and loftiness of purpose combined with tenderness almost feminine equally marked these heroic children of God and disciples of Jesus. How glorious their uncompromising integrity! Did not the difference between them consist mainly in development? Born in Germany in the present century, cannot we imagine that Woolman would have resembled our late friend, that his profound inward searchings into the mysterious abysses of the soul, his detection of things that actually differed though seemingly alike, his fearless separation of the detected evil motives mixed with the good, would all have made him a worthy composer of the educated preacher of righteousness; yet, however different their intellectual culture, these devoted Christians, though divided in this world in time and space by a century, may have already met and embraced with a joyful reality of union which we are not now able to apprehend." I was pleased with the sentiment, and have copied it, thinking it might interest thee.

In haste.

5

Amesbury, 1, 12 mo., 1850

My dear Friend,

A letter which I have just read from a mutual friend, W. J. A., has conveyed to me the painful news of your great bereavement and has filled my heart with deep sympathy with you all in your hour of trial.

I know something of your feelings for I, too, have often felt the solemn sorrow which afflicts you. Alas! the shadow of the cypress falls across all our paths.

From all that I knew of your honored parent, I have ever regarded him as a true strong man, fine in the performance of what he felt to be duty, in the church and among his fellow men at large, and with deep and intense affections, not the less strong that they were not always demonstrative. Oh, it is a great loss for you; but his peaceful, triumphant end affords the best consolation. He has passed away from trial and sorrow and evil times and tongues of unkindness and is, we fervently trust, with the great and exceeding peace of God. We feel that with him it is well.

My dear sister would join me in writing, but she is not well to-day. Her love and sympathy are with you.

We think of you all: of thy dear mother, and of Sarah and Hannah. What can we say but to commend you all to the love of Him who does not afflict willingly: and to entreat you to arouse yourselves to the performance of the duties which devolve upon you, as the best means of enduring your loss. Think of others; think of the suffering and sad, and if you can make one of these poor ones happier you will feel the sweet reflection of that happiness in your hearts. But your hearts will be better suggesters than I: weak, inconsistent, and erring as I feel myself to be.

Say to our friend William J. Alleson when thee sees him, that I am truly grateful for his kind letter, and that it is not the want of time so much as my illness which has made me seemingly neglectful of his correspondence. He has been a true and valued friend to me, and I am not insensible on that score. My love to him and his family.

Thy sympathizing friend.

6

Amesbury, 4, 2 mo. [1855]

My dear Friend,

When I received thy kind letter last winter, inviting me to thy new home, I hoped long ere this to be able to acknowledge it in person, but a wise Providence has seen meet to order it otherwise, and unless some unexpected change takes place in my health, I fear I must forgo the pleasure altogether. The winter has been unfavorable to me, — open, damp and changeable, — and I dread the coming Spring.

I cannot tell thee how rejoiced I am to hear of thy success in maintaining thy place in our Society. It is a very rare instance. I scarcely know of another like it. Appeals of the kind, whatever may have been their merits, have generally resulted in an endorsement of the subordinate meeting's proceedings.

I hear occasionally from Hannah by way of James' sister, Lydia Rowell. I am glad to know that she enjoys her novel life in the strange land of gold.

Does thee see the reports of our friend Russell Lowell's lectures on the English poets? They are very admirable performances. I must send thee

those on Milton and the Old Metrical Romances. The last is full of humor and genius.

Millburn, the blind chaplain of Congress, gave a very eloquent lecture before the Boston Lyceum a few weeks ago. He closed it by reciting thy lines on Milton on his blindness, with very great effect. The Boston papers quote with high terms of eulogy the stanzas of the "Philadelphia Quakeress." I have always regarded it as a really great poem. Why does thee not write more?

We have very quiet winters here and see very little company. My friend Waldo Emerson usually makes me a visit, and I have flying calls from Whipple, James T. Fields, Dr. Bowditch, and others of my Boston friends. We see very few Friends out of our little meeting. I suppose thee knows that Gertrude E. Whittier is engaged to Joseph Cartland. We are in hopes they will settle within the limits of our meeting.

The last arrival brings the sad news of Mary Mitford's death. It was to me very unexpected. I had a long letter from her dated the 22, the 11 month, cheerful and hopeful. Somehow she seemed so full of life and enjoyment, so satisfied with the present, so hearty in her sympathy with all things about her,

that I find it hard to think of her as one who has been and is not. Oh, this mystery of Death! How dark and fearful it would be but for our faith in the Divine Goodness.

I am glad to see that thy husband feels an interest in the freedom of Kansas. I enclose a copy of some lines of mine, written, as Ellwood says, in a "drolling style" last summer. President Wayland, of Brown University, in a notice of them said they were worth all the sermons that had been preached on the subject, and that it was the only way to deal with pro-slavery missions. Does thee see or hear anything of Ann Wendell now? I write so seldom that I do not often hear from her. I am sorry to learn that Margaret's husband is quite ill.

Pray write me and let us know all about thee and thine. We do not forget our old friends, and would not have them forget us. It would give me great pleasure to know thy husband (of whom everybody speaks in praise). Farewell, dear Elizabeth, and may Heaven bless thee always.

Ever thy friend,

J. G. WHITTIER.

7

528 Spruce St., 11 mo., 2nd

Dear Elizabeth,

I was sorry I did not get thy note until yesterday afternoon, when I could not get away from company. To-day I am not well enough to go out in the rain, or I should not content myself with writing. I shall, if possible call on thee to-morrow afternoon. I cannot bear the thought of losing these golden moments of opportunity for communion with thee. Life is too short for ceremony among friends. Deeply grateful to the kind Providence which has permitted us to meet once more, I feel that I am not at liberty to neglect the blessing.

I know thee will congratulate me when I tell thee that I have fairly eaten my way through my dinner and supper table engagements, and am free from all demands of the kind, and mean to keep so for the present.

I will be ready to go to Edna Yarnall's when thou art ready to accompany me. I hope thy eyes do not trouble thee again. I wish I could cure them as thee did my head, the other day; perhaps if thy faith were as strong as mine was, I might do so.

Affectionately,

J. G. W.

8

Second Day

Dear Elizabeth,

As I am not allowed to step over thy threshold to-day, I must needs write to enquire what prospect there is of my having that "counterfeit presentment," which I assure thee will be worth more to me than a whole gallery of Old World Madonnas and saints. I meant to have spoken of it yesterday but in the presence of the original, I entirely forgot the picture. If I possibly can, I will see Andrew Longacre to-day and ascertain about it and report upon it to thee this evening.

Aff—

J. G. W.

9

Fourth Day

Dear Elizabeth,

As I cannot well get an opportunity to see thee this morning, I must tell thee how thoroughly I enjoyed my visit last evening. Thy friend Caroline Yarnall, surrounded by her agreeable family, seems to me to be a very lovable woman. She has great delicacy of refinement, and I was agreeably disap-

pointed in her liberal tone and feeling. She received me more like a brother than a stranger, and I shall always remember my visit with pleasure. I wish thou couldst have been with us.

Ah me! these days glide on, and I shall soon have to set my face towards the sunrise. I shall carry with me many regrets, but many sweet and precious memories also.

Affectionately,

J. G. W.

10

Amesbury, 17th, 5th. mo., 1859

Dear E.,

I write thee a single line to say that I arrived home last night, and found my friends well as usual.

I have thought much of thee, Dear E., in thy lonely retreat, and long to know how it is with thee, yet I do not wish thee to write more than a line or two. Fatigue and a basket full of letters to be answered, as well as other duties, oblige me to be brief this morning. In a day or two, I will make amends for this. Elizabeth sends her love — of mine, thee needst no assurance.

Ever affectionately,

J. G. W.

11

Amesbury, 18th 5th mo. 1859

Dear Elizabeth,

I liked thy letter (most welcome I assure thee) but feared that thy eyes might be suffering while I was enjoying it. Do not, dear E., feel obliged to answer my letters. Write when thou canst — one word or ten. The very blank paper which thy hand has folded for my sake will be dear to me.

I thank thee for thy words of sympathy, and for the thought of meeting me on the threshold of my home, with a word of kindness. It seemed to me that I *felt* thy sympathy; all things seemed brighter, and all the new burdens and cares which I took up lighter and easier for thy sake.

Elizabeth, I have been happy — far more so than I ever expected in this life. The sweet memory of the past few weeks makes me rich forever. What Providence has in store for the future I know not, — I dare not hope scarcely, — but the past is mine — may I not say ours — sacred and beautiful, a joy forever. Asking nothing of thee, and with the tenderest regard for thy griefs and memories, I have given thee what was thine by right — the love of an

Amesbury 18th 5th mo. 1859.

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I feared thou wouldst be sadly tired and sick on reaching Elmira, after so hurried a departure. I hope one this reaches thou will be better. I sometimes think it wd have as well for thee to have spent the summer with us. Our country here is then beautiful — cool & bracing with sea-air; & we could have given thee a large, pleasant chamber looking over the North-western hills. We ~~should~~ have fine drives — Salisbury beach is only 4 miles away — and we might have had a delightful season. — But, it is probably best as it is.

Yesterday I attended our little meeting cordially welcomed by our friends. It was pleasant to sit once more with "mine own people". Bird-songs floated in upon us from without on breezes sweet with the odors of the greening spring: — the irreverent

bob-o-link adding his rollicking "Negro melodies"!

The picture is safe in its handsome oval, velvet case. Meade & Co. who put it up, pronounced it "a beautiful face beautifully painted." How much pleasure it will give me!

Dear little Lizzie is not well — tired out with getting the girls off to Providence, & with company which has thronged us of late. She sends her love, & grateful sense of thy sympathy.

Don't try to write much if it pains thee to do so.

I will write whenever I can. I have been very busy & am very tired — Heaven bless & keep thee!

J. G. W.

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Don't try to write much if it pains thee to do so. I will write whenever I can. I have been very busy and am very tired. Heaven bless, and keep thee!

J. G. W.

12

Amesbury, 9th, 6th mo. 1859

Dear Elizabeth,

I am half sick to-day and have been so for two or three days past, unable to do anything but inflict myself upon somebody else. And, as I cannot get to thee in person, what better can I do than send my shadow? It was taken this spring by a wandering pedlar in our village. I thought to send it to my dear friend James Staye, but delayed doing so hoping to get something better until it was too late. I don't think much of it: and I fear thee will not, but there may be times when even such a "counterfeit presentment" of thy friend may be welcome — or, as Mrs. Stowe's Candace would say, "better than nuffin."

I fear, dear, thou art suffering a great deal; in-

deed I seem to know it. May our dear Lord comfort and sustain thee with a feeling that His chastening is to heal! Dear E., let us try to trust all to Him, and in pain and trial think of our many blessings, and in comparing our lot with that of others look down instead of up. How many suffer bodily pain as we do, without the compensations and alleviations which we have!

I thought somewhat of attending the Yearly Meeting, but unless I am better I shall not. If I go, I shall leave to-morrow or next day.

Excuse the brevity of this note. I will do better when I can.

Ever affectionately,

J. G. W.

13

Fillmore House, Newport
12th, 6th mo., 1859

My dear Elizabeth,

Here I am at Y.M. I started yesterday morning with my sister Mary, who wanted to take her girl with her from the Island to Providence School. We got here last night at a quarter past six. The house is full of Friends, and a very social, pleasant time they seem to make of it. A jollier set than these

sober-dressed Quakers I never saw. The old Providence scholars have a festival here to-morrow, and those who have been separated for twenty years or more now meet for the first time. Some Philadelphia people are here — M. Cole and wife, Jane Pettitt, John Horton and wife, E. Nicholson, and others.

I was not mistaken, then. Thee was sick. Indeed, I felt that it was so. Sick and sad, and I could not take thy hand; nor to speak a kind word to cheer thee, or, that failing, to sorrow with thee! How I wish that my prayers were availing ones! I can understand thy feeling for I have known sorrow and trial, and loss, and I have a temperament very much like thy own, keenly sensitive and alive in every move. How I wish thou couldst be here to-day — this sweetest of early Summer Sabbaths — beautiful as that immortal in the verse of Herbert — "The bridal of the earth and sky"! My friend D. A. Wasson is here. Does thee remember some beautiful lines of his entitled "All's Well" in the Atlantic Monthly?

By the by, dear E., thee and Elizabeth Nicholson must get over that difficulty somehow. Thee can afford to forget and forgive all, and thee will be hap-

pier to do so, and make all allowance for her temperament, habits of thought, and speech, etc. Do think of it. No matter how wrong she may have been, there is a greater opportunity for Christian magnanimity on thy part. E. Nicholson never has said anything to me about your separation except that you were no longer as you had been. I must have written this in the midst of noise and talking all about me. When I can get a quiet hour, I will write again, and I hope, better.

My health is better than when I wrote last, but I am still suffering a good deal of pain in my side, and had a sleepless night last night. Courage, dear Elizabeth. All will be well, for all is in God's good hands. If thee writes within a few days, direct to me at the "Marlboro Hotel," Boston.

Affectionately,

J. G. W.

Don't try to write long letters if it pains thee.

14

Amesbury, 24th, 6th. mo. 1859

My dear Elizabeth,

Will thee excuse my long silence? I would have been glad to have written from Newport again: but

really I had no opportunity. I left the Island on fifth day afternoon, with Gertrude and Joseph Cartland and Sarah Whittier, and went to the School, where I remained until yesterday morning. Of course I did not get thy letter until yesterday afternoon I found it awaiting me at the "Marlboro" and was truly glad to hear again from thee.

What does thee mean by talking as thee does about Friends? Does thee really think there are no good and worthy and interesting and refined people in the Quaker fold? Thee has surely too much good sense and conscience, and too delicate a sense of justice to be swayed by prejudice. Why, dear E., thou art a Quaker, and those who love thee best have learned to love thee as such. Thee owes too much to thy Quaker training and culture, to disown and deny us at this late day. I, as thee knows, am no sectarian, but I am a Quaker, nevertheless, and I regard the philosophy underlying Quakerism as the truest and purest the world has ever known. I care little for some of our peculiarities: but I love the principles of our Society, and I know that it, with all its faults and follies, is, at the moment, in the very van of Christendom: that among its members, at this very hour, are the best specimens of

Christians to be found in the wide world. My reason, my conscience, my taste, my love of the beautiful and the harmonious, combine to make me love the society. I cannot understand thy feeling: I am only very sorry for it. I am well aware how the conduct of certain individuals, and the general condition of things in Philadelphia, might affect thee, but thy noble and generous nature could not include all in thy condemnation. Oh, dear E., let us cultivate charity, let us forget and forgive. Think how the dear God bears with us — how his infinite pity follows us, rebuking our ingratitude with blessings!

I saw many pleasant people, Friends and otherwise, at Newport and Providence. My friend D. A. Wasson was at the hotel where I stayed at Newport. We visited Mrs. Ames (wife of the painter), and saw her nobly modeled heads. That of Voltaire was wonderfully expressive of the character of the man. At Providence I had a visit with Gertrude and Sarah Tobey at Dr. Wayland's. I do not know when I ever met with so cordial a reception. I met also, Rowland G. Hazard, the intimate friend of Dr. Channing, and a man of great intellectual power, Charles S. Brooks, the best English translator of Goethe's Faust, and others.

The meeting of the old scholars and teachers of the Providence School held during the Y.M. week, was a very spirited and creditable affair. The Boston Daily Advertiser, the organ of New England respectability, says that the speeches would have done credit to any college in the country. I was very sorry that [an indecipherable name] was not with us.

Gertrude speaks of thee with much love and admiration. Joseph, thee knows, was always one of thy admirers. I have read Rush Plumley's "Compensation." It is really a beautiful poem — oriental as a palm tree. There are some exquisite lines in it.

I note what thee commands about my health. I should find it difficult to obey thee right off, however, for Dr. Bowditch is just now floating in the shadow of the Nubian temples on the waters of the Nile. He will be back again in a few weeks. I will try to take care of myself as well as I can.

I hope thee is better thyself and that sunshine is compensating for thy "cloudy days." Ah me! how poor and weak we seem when we cannot make those happy whom we love!

I shall write to Hannah Sturge. How I thank our Heavenly Father for the privilege of knowing and

loving and being beloved by such a man as her dear husband!

Whatever may be thy own recollection of Newport, I find, dear E., that thou wast kindly remembered. I am sure if thou hadst been with us at the Fillmore House, thou wouldst not have found it difficult to be pleased.

I am sorry the picture was n't better, but the sun is no flatterer, and I rather think it is truer to the original at this time than the one thee alludes to in the large book.

Ever affectionately thy friend,

J. G. W.

15

Amesbury, 29th, 6th. mo. 1859

Dear Elizabeth,

Thy letter and the sunshine, after a week of rain and mist, came together. I am thankful for both. I greatly enjoyed thy description of thy morning excursion, and the evidence it afforded of renewed health and spirits. I constantly find myself wishing for thee in my outgoings, and incomings: I want thee to see what I see and hear what I hear. Outward nature seems more beautiful to me than ever, and the frail tenure by which I hold it is very ap-

parent to me. I have been sad over the sudden death of my old friend and associate Dr. Bailey. I have just written a letter of sympathy to Margaret Bailey. Her loss is a very great one, for he was one of the kindest and truest of men.

I wish, dear E., it was in my power to visit Elmira. But home duties of an imperative kind now detain me, and I fear my health is not at this time equal to the fatigue of the journey. But the thought is often with me, and, if possible, I may see thee before the summer is over. Shall thee not return to Philadelphia in the Fall?

I am almost sorry I said anything to thee about E. N., for I fear it gave thee pain. It is a feeling — weakness perhaps — of mine that I must be on good terms personally with everybody, good or bad, pleasant or indifferent, and I want those I love to have the good will of every one too. It comes of my intense longing for harmony, and a strong need of approbation, which extends to my friends, who are a part of myself.

We have all been "hydropathists" here for the last two weeks. "The rain, it raineth every day." To-day, however, it is fresh and bright as Eden before Adam's unlucky bite of the apple. I enjoy it,

but somehow miss *some one* and *somebody* to enjoy it with me. To-morrow we go over the river to a picnic at the "Laurels" — one of the most charming river views in the world — with a select company from Salem, Lynn, and Newburyport. How happy and proud I should be to have thee with us!

My poor old friend Joshua Coffin, "my old schoolmaster," who has been ill in mind and body for some time, is spending the day with me. He fears he is not one of the elect. I tell him God will do the best thing possible for him and everybody else, that he never deserts us, and that his love is always about us. But there is no "ministering to the mind diseased."

I enclose the two items which I cut from the daily papers, both presenting me in a rather novel light to the public. The coupling my name with Robert and Sarah is droll enough.

Joshua is impatient and I must talk with him. Do let me know how thou art in health, and what the water is doing for thee. The dear God love and keep thee!

Affectionately,

J. G. W.

16

Amesbury, 31st, 6 mo

DEAR E.,

From the golden threshold of this glorious day I cannot fail in greeting thee. How is it with thee? I hope for the best.

We found on Third day a large gathering at the Laurels, on the riverside. The company were from Boston, New Bedford, Salem, Lynn, and Newburyport — a little too fashionable and conventional for that comfortable lapse into savage freedom that a picnic implies, but there were many of the true kind. The day was intensely hot, but river, trees, and flowers were never more inviting. We spent the early evening with our dear friends Margaret and Mary Curson, on the Artichoke, watching the sun go down through the great oaks, transforming the water into a river of light. How I wished for thee! I would fain have all I enjoy with thee.

I have only time to try to say good morning! The blessing of our Father's love be with thee!

Ever and truly thine.

J. G. W.

Marlborough Hotel, Boston
9th, 7th. mo, 1859

Dear Elizabeth,

Soon after getting thy long letter — too long, for thy eyes are of more consequence than our notions upon the matters treated therein — I had to come to this wicked little city, leaving a line to thee unfinished at home.

I see we cannot think alike about Friends. I am sorry, but it cannot be helped. Heart and soul, I am a Quaker and, as respects forms, rituals, priests, and churches, an iconoclast, unsparing as Milton or John Knox. But I am not going to discuss the endless subject. I shall not make a red republican of thee, nor will thee convert me to a belief in Bishops, reverend fathers, and apostolic succession. I don't see any saving virtue in candles, surplices, altars, and prayer books. At the same time I am but an indifferently good Quaker — I take my own way, and Friends theirs. I don't well see how I could be any more free.

We have just got through with an Atlantic dinner at the Revere House. Let me give thee the names of our company: Dr. Holmes sits one side of me, Prof.

Stowe on the other; next to him, Wyman, one of the editors; next, Edwin P. Whipple, the essayist; next, Underwood, another editor; then comes Mrs. Stowe; by her side is Lowell; opposite her is Longfellow; next him is Stillman, the artist and poet; then comes Wentworth Higginson; and opposite me sits Miss Prescott, etc., etc. Holmes has been in the Autocrat vein. Mrs. Stowe has come out wonderfully. We have discussed literature, manners, races, and national characteristics — not omitting theology, for we are Yankees. It was a pleasant gathering, lasting from 3 to 6. When I left, Longfellow, Holmes, Quincy, Lowell, and Whipple were lingering over their claret and cigars. Emerson wrote us that he had sprained his ankle on Wachuset mountain, and was on two sticks like the hero of Le Sage's novel. For myself, I don't much like those dinners. At such times when I break through my natural reserve I am liable to say more than I mean — to be extravagant and overstrong in my assertions. I dare say that I have said a good deal to-day that I ought to be sorry for, but luckily my conscience does not bring any specific charge against me.

I wish I could write more, but I am so weary. I

will write when I get home, I hope more to the purpose.

That beautiful evening thee speaks of was lovely here also. We both enjoyed it, unconscious that the other shared it.

God bless, comfort, and direct thee dear E. Has Dr. Neidhunt written thee? I suppose he knows how thee gets along with the water treatment.

Ever affec.,

J. G. W.

17

Amesbury, 14th, 7th. mo, 1859

Dear Elizabeth,

I have been wishing to write ever since my return from Boston, but have been troubled so much with pain in my head and eyes that I have not ventured to do so. Even now, I must only say a word. I have been so troubled and perplexed with my brother's affairs, and some other matters of late that if I was writing to anybody but thyself, I am afraid I should have been inclined to pick a quarrel by way of relief. We are having delightful weather here, and I hope it extends to Elmira, and that thy health and spirits are improving under its influence.

My dear sister Elizabeth is quite feeble this summer in bodily health, and still suffers under the deep depression which I mentioned to thee. I feel very anxious about her. How hard it is to leave some things to Providence! To trust our nearest and dearest wholly and unreservedly to the love and pity of our Father!

I was amused by thy description of Newport and Y.M. I don't wonder at thy unfavorable impression. I am sure it would have been different this year if thou hadst been there.

I saw Hannah Shipley's husband, Joel Bean, at Y.M. He has a good deal of native delicacy and refinement. I got a line from Hannah on the eve of her marriage. I could not but smile at thy remark about the food of your Sanitarium among the hills. I am far from indifferent to the good things of life, but I could live, if necessary, on the black broth of Sparta, or the oatmeal porritch of the Scotchman. I did n't board with Joseph Healy, with Sarah Jonathan for cook, so long for nothing. Henceforth I defy the fates in the shape of cookery. With the Scriptural injunction I "eat what is set before me, asking no questions."

I had a droll matter to settle this morning. The

good people of Haverhill have bought and ornamented a large tract of land on the margin of a beautiful pond known as Great Pond. They wanted a name for it and could n't agree among themselves, and finally voted to leave it to me. I have been hunting over Indian vocabularies, and have heartily learned to pity Adam, who had so many things to find names for.

I shall set thee an example of brevity in this letter. Enclosed is a notice of Dr. Bailey. "Seen and Unseen" is not mine.

Take care of thyself, dear E. Let me hear from thee, but don't write another long letter.

Affectionately,

J. G. W.

18

Amesbury, 30th, 7th mo, 1859

Dear Elizabeth,

I hope the clearing weather for the last three weeks has been enjoyed by thee. Here we have had no rain except two showers for the whole time. The last shower was very severe, and something of a tornado passed near us.

Unhappily, neither E. nor myself have been well enough for a week past to enjoy the season as we

should otherwise have done. I have been unable to read or write, and even now I must apologize for not writing.

In what a sad condition Napoleon III has left Italy! Her last estate is worse than her first. One cannot but pity the poor exiles and refugees who rallied from all parts of the world for the liberation of their Fatherland; thousands of them are now lying in hospitals, sick, wounded, and despairing. But the good God sees all, and the lie of Priestcraft, and Kingcraft cannot live forever. We have this promise, that He will turn and overturn until He whose right it is shall reign.

Excuse this hasty note. Do not try to answer it, for it is not worth it. I shall write again when I am fit for it.

I have just had a very kind and beautiful letter from Josiah Foster. I believe thee knew him.

Aff.,

J. G. W.

19

Amesbury, 3rd, 8th mo., 1859

Dear Elizabeth,

Thy letter was most welcome, for I had really begun to fear thee was seriously ill.

If there has been any change in the letters, I am sure there is no change in the feeling which dictated them, so far as *thou* art concerned. But I ought to confess to thee that the old feeling of self-distrust, and painful consciousness of all I would be, and of all I am not, and of my inability to make those I love happy, come back to me, the stronger, perhaps, that for a time it was held in abeyance. I have grown old in a round of duties and responsibilities which still govern me and urge me: my notions of life and daily habits are old-fashioned and homely: I could not for any length of time endure the restraints of fashion and society: art, refinement, and cultivated taste please me as something apart from myself. Constantly baffled by illness and weakness, and every way reminded of my frailty and limitation, I can scarcely hope anything, but live in the present: enduring what I must and enjoying what I can, thankful, I trust, for the many blessings which our Father has vouchsafed, and comforting myself with the faith that my trials and crosses are blessings also, in another form. But I cannot, dear E., be blind to the fact that thee lives in a different sphere — that thy sense of the fitting and beautiful demand accessories and surroundings very different

from those that have become familiar and habitual to me. I am sure thy fine artist-nature would pine and die under the hard and uncongenial influences which make me what I am, and from which I cannot escape without feeling that I have abandoned the post of duty, without losing my self-respect, and forfeiting all right to be loved in return by those I love. These considerations, and the discouraging influence of illness, may have affected the tone and spirit of my letters.

But above all — and I know thou wilt pardon me if I touch, with all tenderness, upon a subject which should be sacred — I feel that thy instincts were right as respects that very happy and beautiful episode in thy life — that sweet, calm sufficiency and fullness of love graciously offered thee for a season, which, brief as it was, had the length of years in its completeness, and which still blesses thee with the richest legacies of memory, and with hopes that outreach time and take hold upon eternity. Knowing myself, I have never felt that I could ever have been to thee what *he* was, whom the Great Goodness gave thee. And, if, in the great happiness of meeting thee I seemed at any time to forget this, I am sure thee understood me, and knew instinc-

tively that I would not designedly thrust myself between thee and the memory of such a life and such love, nor intrude, otherwise than as a loving and sympathizing friend, upon thy sanctities of sorrow. It was no more than thy due to know how much thy unconscious influence had been to me, and how happy I was to meet thee again. I am sure, in the end, it cannot harm thee or me, to know that years and cares and sorrows have not estranged us, nor blunted our mutual sympathies. What the world suffers from is the *want* of love, not the excess of it. There cannot be too much of kindness and affection — of that large charity which will think no evil of its object, but good and good only.

And now, dear E., thou wilt see that if I have doubts or misgivings, they belong to myself, and not to thee. There seems, at times, a wide space between us, which I feel I have no power or right even to cross, and hence, perhaps, something of the kind is manifest in my letters. For myself, I have ceased to demand what is impossible, or to quarrel with what is inevitable, for I know that the definite Goodness *must* order all things well, for me, for thee, for all: and there are times when I am, as it

were, reconciled to all things — save my own sins and follies.

This is the last day of summer, and the season goes out in beauty. The air is sweet and clear, and the sky and earth flecked and picturesque with clouds and sunshine. I would like to have thee see how the sunset looks from our hills: glorifying the valley, the river, and dying away in the misty Atlantic. Didst thou see the Aurora Borealis on First day evening? I think I never saw anything so weird, mystic, and wonderful. I wish I could for once annihilate distance, for I want to show thee a marvellous picture — a very large daguerreotype which the artist sent from Boston to Elizabeth to see, and which he values at $1000. It is the most exquisite thing I ever saw — face, attitude, and expression surpassing any dream of the old painters. The beauty is doubtless a good deal accidental.

Dear sister is not, I think, any better: she cannot walk out much or ride without making her worse: and she has many cares which wear upon her and depress her. For her sake, how I wish that I were strong and well, instead of the constant invalid that I am! It seems to me wrong to be sick, and I dare say it is somehow, for it seems so necessary to be

well. I am better than when I wrote last, however.

I am very glad to hear of Hannah's coming back for so long a visit: and hope I shall meet you all at the old home on Union Street, where I used to joke with her in the old times.

Forgive this long scrawl, and do not imitate it in length for thy eyes' sake. I will try to write a more cheerful one next time, but, glad or otherwise,

Affectionately,

J. G. W.

20

Amesbury, 17th, 8th mo., [1859]

Dear E.,

I believe I wrote thee last when I was too sick to be a very agreeable correspondent. When one can do nothing but complain he should beware of pen and paper. I am still hardly fit for their use.

We have had clearing weather and a good deal of company with it — Judge Alder and wife of Vermont, Louise Loring, widow of my old friend Ellis Grey Loring, and her daughter, and William Lloyd Garrison and wife among others. We were glad to see them — especially Garrison, one of our old friends who knew us when we were children at

Haverhill. We talked over the old times together — of what life had promised us, and what it had given us, — compared our present views and conditions, and looked forward reverently and trustfully to the end, near at hand, and the great Hereafter. G. does not believe as I do on some points, but his faith, such as it is, seems strong and real. As he grows older he grows gentler and more charitable, and his old love of nature, so long held in abeyance by his anti-slavery controversy, and mission of reform, comes back with renewed strength and keenness.

I hope thy sister's visit has been cheering to thee, and not without enjoyment and profit to her.

The country has lost a great man, and I a very valued friend, in Horace Mann. How fast they pass away! How strange it seems that I, the frailest of them all, remain!

I hope to feel well enough soon to go a little journey in New Hampshire. I shall try to persuade Lizzie to accompany me, but without much hope of success. I wish we could by a day's ride reach thy place of sojourn. We are getting ready for our Horticultural and Agricultural Exhibition, next month. We had the finest last year in this part of the state,

but this year our apples are few, our grapes less, and our peaches none. Of pears we shall have a great show, and I am nursing mine for the premium. My Flemish Beauties have just begun "to blush on the side that's next the sun."

My letter is dull and stupid as the head that conceives it, and I can only ask thy indulgence and remain,

As ever, affectionately,

J. G. W.

Has thee seen Tennyson's new book? I have only looked at it. Full of beautiful, sensuous pictures, but not great and deep and earnest and loving like In Memoriam.

21

Amesbury 22nd, 8th mo, 1859

Dear Elizabeth,

I fear thy eyes are worse or that thou art ill, it is so long since I heard from thee.

I have just returned from Lynn and Nahant, and am in hopes I shall feel all the better for the change. I saw Sarah Aldrich at my aunt's. She talked about Hannah and, on the whole, gave a very good idea of her Western home and mode of life. She said Han-

nah gave her a cane for me, but she was not able to take it with her. We hear that the English friends Robert and Sarah Lindsay have reached San Francisco. It must be pleasant for Hannah to see them.

At Nahant, Fanny Longfellow showed me some fine marine sketches by the marine painter Kensett, which the artist has left with her husband. One or two from Newport were very true and beautiful — but not as good as one in thy parlor which I remember.

But the pictures out of doors around the rugged coast of Nahant were, after all, more beautiful. A storm far out in the ocean drove the waves high and white upon the rocks, and far up the glimmering beaches, and under the bright summer sun (for on shore it was perfectly fair and clear). If I were a painter I should despair of making a picture of such a scene as I looked at from the outermost crag of Nahant, where the waves rolled in with the mighty force of the Atlantic.

Margaret Bailey is very anxious that I write regularly for the Era. Indeed, she seems to depend upon it. But I really cannot undertake it, as my health is not equal to the exertion, and I am advised against attempting it. I am sorry I cannot materially aid

her, but I have done a great deal more in times past for the Era than my health and my interest pecuniarily warranted. In fact, I have been unjust to myself in the matter.

We are having the most perfect summer weather — clear, cool, and dry. For the first time for four years in this part of New England the ground is dry enough to lie down upon with entire safety. My good friend H. J. Newhall and daughters are at Lynn and will visit Amesbury the last of this week.

Has thee read the "Idyls" yet? I have just got Kingsley's new volume, "Good News from God." I see he takes the same view I do of the ultimate triumph of good and the end of all evil. The cross of Christ, he says, is as deep as hell and high as heaven.

I do not wish to tax thy eyes, but shall be glad to hear from thee if but a line, as I am afraid that sickness prevents thee from writing.

Ever and affectionately,

J. G. W.

22

Amesbury, Sixth day

DEAR ELIZABETH,

I think of starting for a little trip in the country for a few days, and write a hasty line.

My last letter was, I am sure, a very weak and foolish one. But the truth is, I have been too ill to write otherwise; and I so deeply feel my inability and good-for-nothingness that I could not help confessing the consciousness.

Hannah J. Newhall and daughters spent a part of two days with us last week and have just left Lynn for Philadelphia. Did I tell thee that Cousin Sarah Whittier, of Providence, was to visit Philadelphia in the tenth month? What is thy prospect of return to the city? and when does thee expect Hannah's arrival? I enclose a little account of the naming of my native park in Haverhill. I could not be present, but sent an apology. Heaven bless and keep thee, dear E., and think of me as thy affectionate

J. G. W.

23

Amesbury, 28th, 9th mo, 1859

Dear Elizabeth,

This is the day of our annual festival of fruits and flowers — a bright, glorious autumn day. Our hills and woods never looked more lovely, and I always wish, when I hear or see anything beautiful, that thee could see and hear with me. I enjoy it, although last night was the first for several days that I have been able to sleep — owing to neuralgic pains and nervous prostration. I am "weak as a yielding wave" bodily and mentally this morning, but hope to be stronger soon, as the severe pain has left me. I think of thee and how much thee must suffer in this way. The mere ache is a trifle, if it did not affect the nerves and temperament. If one could only keep the mind serene and calm over all!

Neither my sister or myself are able to go to the exhibition to-day, but I had the pleasure of aiding in the preliminary arrangements. I enclose a little piece which was sung at the Festival. The piece is not very brilliant, but it was luckily written before I was so ill, or it would have been still poorer.

I suppose thou wilt soon think of returning to Philadelphia. I hope thy summer sojourn among the hills has really benefited thee, and that thee will carry back with thee to thy home the warm light and the sweetness of the meadows and the wild flowers for winter solace.

Thine of the 27th just received. It is as I feared — thee has been sick. I am glad thee thinks of returning at once to P. and that Hannah is looked for so soon. Do give my love to her, and tell her I shall hope to see her erelong, if my health permits. I have not read "Adam Bede" yet or "Bitter-Sweet." The truth is, my head and eyes have been unfit for reading much for some time past, and, Lizzie being in the same predicament, we cannot keep pace with the literary novelties. How well I can understand thy own deprivations now! I will get the book of Dr. Holland; I know him and like him much as a man. Emerson has been laid up with lameness this summer, but is now, I believe, out again. Shall I send him to thee when he comes to P.?

Ever and affectionately,

J. G. W.

24

Amesbury, 6th, 11th mo., 1859

DEAR ELIZABETH,

I was something more than glad to get a line from Sarah, and especially glad to hear so good an account of thy general health. I think the mountain air should have at least as much credit as the water and starvation — the "hunger cure," as I think some German experimenters called it.

I surely sympathize with your grievous disappointment in Hannah's non-arrival. Why did she fail to come? I presume you got some explanation by mail, and trust it is nothing serious, and that she will soon be with you. For myself, I have been quite ill, and am still troubled with pain in my side and head, but am better, and hope to be able to get about and do something. I have not been able to write for weeks beyond a mere note or brief letter. This sad affair of Harper's Ferry has pained and troubled me exceedingly. It is time for all to pause and enquire with what feelings and motives they have acted in the great controversy between Freedom and Slavery. Who ever fans the flames on either side from mere selfishness and for party ends assumes a fearful responsibility. I made several

attempts last week to write out my thoughts on the subject, but was compelled to give over from sheer inability to exert mind or body. It seemed to me that nobody said precisely the right thing, and that I could and must say it. I have just got Henry Ward Beecher's discourse, and feel a great relief. It is the right word from the right place. Do read it if thou hast not.

After a long dull season, we are now on the verge of winter, enjoying a faultless day of Indian summer, as warm and genial as May. How I wish I could show thee how lovely our river valley looks in the mellow light. The cold winds and rains have scattered the frosted foliage mostly, but the oaks still retain their many shaded brown leaves, and here and there a rock maple still flowers through the grey nakedness of the woods. It is still as a dream — one of those days which seem specially sent to assure us of the love of God.

The Atlantic Monthly has fallen into the hands of Ticknor and Fields, the right men to publish it. Does thee never write nowadays? I wish thee would let me have something for the Monthly. With such gifts as thine, such powers of expression, how is it possible for thee not to think and write?

Tell Sarah how much I am obliged to her for her kind letter. If thy eyes permit thee I should be glad to hear from thee, if but a line — but a word. From here, in this north-eastern nook, my thoughts are wandering towards Philadelphia, and memory is ever recalling the pleasant picture of the past.

Affectionately thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

25

Amesbury, 14th, 12th mo., 1859

DEAR ELIZABETH,

I send by to-day's mail Ruskin's Styrian story of "The King of the Golden River." I read it with something of the old boyish feeling of enjoyment, but, like the woman George Fox tells us of who had no stomach for her meat and ale unless she could eat and drink with him, I could not help thinking how much more I should have enjoyed it with thee, and thy sisters. If you have not read it (and I hope you have not) I am sure the story and the fine word-painting of Ruskin and the quaint conceits of his artist-friends illustrating it as a labor of love, will please you.

I enclose with it a photograph from a crayon by

Swain, suggested by a little poem of mine, "The Barefoot Boy." It is very good.

And so Hannah is with you, come back to the old home, in health and with richer specimens of California products than the mines have ever furnished. I heard of her through Bayard Taylor, who spent last second day with us, who described her as very bright and witty. How pleasant it must be to you all!

We are having terrible weather here — a wild snowstorm every other day and as cold as Greenland between. My sister and I have both suffered a great deal with the change from the autumn to winter, but hope when the struggle is over between the seasons, and steady cold weather sets in, we shall be better and able to get out more. As we cannot read or write much, these long dark days are very tedious.

Thee does not say how thy eyes are since thy return — better, I hope.

With kind remembrances for Hannah and Sarah, and hoping to see you all in the early spring,

Affectionately,

J. G. W.

26

Amesbury, 29th. 2nd mo, 1860

Dear Elizabeth,

It is very long since I have heard from thee. I have been confined at home all winter, too ill much of the time to write, — so depressed, that I feared giving thee more pain than pleasure if I had been able, and unwilling to burden thee with my problem when I knew thou hadst thy own to bear. A complicated nervous affection, combined with the old trouble in my head and stomach, has rendered me so much of an invalid that the slightest change of weather, any extra physical or mental exertion, or responsibility is sufficient to entirely prostrate me. I am compelled to avoid, as far as possible, all excitement and mental labor as the only condition of preserving anything like quiet and self control, and of obtaining relief from pain. It seems sometimes rather hard — this powerlessness, this protracted hopeless inability to do — not only on my own account, but of others — but I earnestly try to be patient and to make the best of my allotment.

It must be that I needed the lesson — that I pre-

sumed too much last year upon my temporary relief from illness. I did wrong, I now see, in yielding to my feelings so much — in giving pain when I most desired to give happiness. If so, dear friend, forgive me, and think kindly of me for I can never think otherwise of thee. Let me, at least, have the privilege of sympathy in thy efforts to live nearer to our Divine Master, and to seek the consolation of Him who has been touched with the feeling of our infirmities.

I want to ask a favor of thee. My publishers wish me to prepare my recent poems for publication. If I feel able to prepare and review them, I want the privilege of dedicating them to thee. If thee feels any objection to it, of course I shall not urge it, but I do very much wish to. I will send thee a copy of what I would like to say. I know and appreciate thy delicacy and unwillingness to invite any unnecessary display, but somehow I have set my heart upon it — still do not hesitate to let me know if thee disapprove it. I shall, I dare say, admit that I am wrong and thee right about it.

Poor Elizabeth has been and still is very much of an invalid. Of course we are not likely to help each other's spirits. I try very hard to be cheerful, and

sometimes, like Mark Tapley, in Dickens, I succeed in being jolly "under creditable circumstances." It must be a real comfort to thee to have Hannah at home, with her ready resources and conversational brilliance. She has lived a large, free life, in that wonder-world on the Pacific, and I am sure she must have much to tell of it.

I send thee the fourth annual report of the Industrial School for Girls — one of our Yankee notions that I am sure thee will feel interested in. It is a noble effort in the right direction.

I am pained to hear of Anna Nicholson's death — poor Elizabeth, her sister, must have felt it very much.

With much love to all, as ever,

Affectionately,

J. G. W.

27

To thee, dear friend, who, when the popular frown
Darkens around a toiler, faint and worn,
In fields which since have Freedom's harvest borne,
Where they who bind the sheaves of party, now,
Have scarce forgiven the rugged breaking plough
And early sowers whom they laughed to scorn,
Wert of the few in all the scoffing town
Who, as his vouchers, spake the words of cheer

Which linger longest on a grateful ear —
Count it not strange, if even now I bring
My tardy gift — no garlands of the Spring,
Woven of tender maple leaves and set
With wind-flower, apple-bloom, and violet,
But Summer's latest flowers and leaves full grown,
And seeded grass, and roses over blown.
Thou, who hast sung for Milton, blind and old,
A song of faith the bard himself might own,
Wilt pardon words of Freedom over bold:
And, not unmindful of the grave discourse
We sometimes dared with reverent lips to hold,
Take up the burden of my serious verse,
And lend thy ear to its low thoughtful tone.

Amesbury, 20th, 3rd mo.

Dear Elizabeth,

Thy kind, noble, generous letter was most welcome. I feel that much of what thee says of my way of living is right, and will try to profit by thy advice and "prescriptions." But I have a very small capital of strength to begin with, and but a limited amount of hope to supply the deficiency. My present illness is only what I have suffered from childhood but I am now less able to bear it. I shall do all I can to regain — not health and vigor, for that I cannot expect — but a condition of ability to be worth something to my friends and the world. I ride out when I am able, and the weather will

permit, and hope to profit by it as the season advances.

The day I got thy letter we were dreadfully shocked by the death (by his own hand) of a neighbor and dear friend, to whose kindness and love we owed much. A genial, generous, warm-hearted man, the derangement of his wife, and other troubles broke him down and destroyed the balance of his mind. Elizabeth and I had been very anxious about him weeks before. He was greatly beloved: at his funeral the great congregation "lifted up their voices and wept." We have not got over the shock: it overpowered me for the time. I believe I sent thee a paper with a notice of him.

Thee sees what I have written — I have withheld much that I would have liked to have said. The book will be divided into two distinct parts — one of local ballads, & the other of my poems and lyrics, which I regard as my best. It is these latter which I wish to associate with thee. Is there anything objectionable in the lines? Would thee object to the use of thy name, or the initial of it? I should prefer the name as an open, manly expression of grateful interest. But, of course, I defer to thy better judgement; and if thee has any scruple as to the

whole thing, — if it seems to thee not agreeable in any way, — do not hesitate to say so. I rely on thy frankness. I enclose a little poem which I am sure thee will like. After reading it, be good enough to send it to Samuel Rhodes for the Friends' Review. I notice the death of Edward Yarnall. Was he the husband of thy friend Caroline? It must have been a sad bereavement. Will thee remember me to her?

I suppose Spring has reached your favored city. Here there are no signs of her, but her heralds the bluebirds are singing of her coming. The snow has recently gone, and we have had some warm bright days.

I must send thee a poem of mine in the Independent: it may remind thee of some of our conversations.

This is a dull letter: I am ashamed of what may seem like complaining, for God has been good to me, the world has been kind beyond my deserts: better men than I have borne pain and weakness cheerfully and bravely, and I will try to imitate them, holding fast my faith in the Divine goodness, and rejoicing in the love and friendship which blesses me, and the opportunities still afforded me to do good.

I have obeyed thee as to thy letters — reluc-

tantly, but with a feeling that thee had a right to their disposal. Perhaps — in the uncertainties of life — it was best. With much love to thy family,

Ever and affectionately,

J. G. W.

I do not hear how thy health is, or whether thee suffers so much with thy eyes. Do speak of thyself.

28

Amesbury, 9th, 8th. mo., 1860

Dear Elizabeth,

Thy first day occupation in writing me was pardonable in view of the most rigid orthodoxy, for, if not a work of necessity, it was of mercy. It was pleasant to get an idea of thy mountain home and way of life — to follow thee up the side of Wachuset, and look with thee upon the heart of the old Commonwealth, throbbing with summer heat below.

I have been looking for Hannah for the last three weeks, every few days hearing that she was about to come. I am almost afraid that I shall somehow miss her, as I shall have to leave home, if I am well enough this week for some days.

I like Thomas Chase and his wife very much. We had a flying visit from them. Thomas has a great

deal of real refinement, and is, I think, far superior to any young man in our society in respect to talents and culture.

They had a nice little dinner to Hawthorne in Boston the other day to welcome him home after his long absence. Emerson, Lowell, Whipple, Fields, Longfellow, etc. were present. I was not able to be with them, much to my regret. Does Lucy Chase spend much time at Wachuset this summer? She told me you had such pleasant times together in the early Spring.

I have been hoping that Elizabeth would be well enough to leave Amesbury and spend some weeks with her friends Mrs. Pitman and Mrs. Sewall in Reading and Melrose; but she is very feeble this summer, and a ride in a chaise of three or four miles greatly fatigues her. We have two of my brother's children with us, and a good deal of company, strangers mostly, whose "continual coming" prevents us from having the pleasure of our friends' visits. "If," as the old song says, "they would only let a body be." One hates to be stared at, and put on exhibition. I hope to be able to get away, and would like to look in upon you at some time and sit under the shadow of Wachuset.

I have been trying to write some political essays, but my head and eyes have failed me, and I am now obliged to forego all reading and writing as far as possible. I can do little more than sit in the shadows, and enjoy all I can of the abounding beauty of the season.

In my next I dare say I shall be able to give thee some account of Hannah. She is now daily expected.

Excuse the brevity of this letter. The thermometer is at 90, and I am sure if it is as hot at Wachuset thee will have no more strength to read than I have to write. So goodbye for the present, affectionately,

J. G. W.

29

Amesbury, 19th, 9th mo., 1860

Dear Elizabeth,

I have delayed writing a long time in the hope like the Irish letter writer to carry my letter myself.

In the first place I was a delegate to the Worcester State Rep. Convention, and I started to go to it but was so ill at Lynn that I had to return. Afterwards I returned to Lynn, expecting Hannah would accompany me, but could not arrange matters as re-

spected her children, and dared not risk them with the "Mumps" at Princeton. I thought of going on nevertheless with W. Spooner, but a recurrence of illness compelled me to give up the trip. Last week I thought of visiting thee and taking Emerson on with me, but I have been affected with a cold which has settled on my lungs, and I am as hoarse as any raven that ever croaked.

I was not sure till I got thy letter that thee was still at P. I am glad thee liked my "Ballads," and especially my favorite one "My Playmate." Thine is indeed "The sweet approval that is more than fame." Also "The Witch's Daughter" is a tale of our own neighborhood. Hannah will tell thee that I showed her the place where the Witch's house stood, on the margin of the river.

We were so glad to see Hannah. I did my best to make her visit to Amesbury pleasant, but my own and sister's illness prevented me from enjoying it so thoroughly as I should otherwise have done. But it was a very pleasant episode in our life to meet her and talk the old and the new times over, and to show her our streams and hills. If thee comes to Salem I shall see thee. When does thee expect to leave Princeton? I had a pleasant "forgathering"

a few days ago with Charlotte Cushman and Miss Stebbins, the artist. Charlotte is a great woman, with a large heart, and a reformer of the better stamp. I wish I could show thee a photograph Miss Stebbins gave me of the "Miner." The statue is a happy mingling of the classic ideal and the homely Yankee reality — Mercury, in cotton shirt and trousers, bearing his pick in place of the Caduceus.

My poem in the forthcoming Atlantic is, I fear, a little complaining, in its tone. I could not well help it at the time. It is not, however, markedly so. Thee will recognize it in "The Summons."

Thee ought to stay to see October throw her crown upon the Wachuset woods. Let me hear from thee, and believe me,

Affectionately,

J. G. W.

30

Amesbury, 1st. mo., 13th, 1864

My dear Friend,

I was doubly glad yesterday to see thy initials on the envelope of the pamphlet sent me, and to find such a noble and honest utterance on the Slavery question in the very highest place of the most conservative Church in the land. I felt, I hope, truly

grateful to God, for such a marvellous change. I have, as thee knows, spoken with severity of the position of the Episcopal Church, but if that church will only come up to the standard of the sermon before me, my praise will far outweigh my censure. If thee knows the author of the sermon, pray thank him from me for his most eloquent and manly words.

I had a letter from Hannah a few weeks ago. She seems in better spirits than when she wrote last. She enjoys the society of San Francisco — her mountain hermitage was too solitary.

I wanted to be at the Philadelphia A.S. meeting last month — the 30th anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society — but was not able to go. My health is not as good as when I last saw thee, and in addition to the pain in the head, I have a lung difficulty which has troubled me for some time. My poor sister is very ill, suffering great pain — a spinal trouble which confines her.

With much love to thy mother and sister Sarah, and with the warmest wishes for a happy New Year to thyself,

I am cordially and gratefully thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

MONADNOCK

SEEN FROM WACHUSET AT SUNSET

I would I were a painter for the sake
Of a sweet picture, and of her who led,
Fittest of guides, with light but reverent tread,
Into that mountain mystery. First a lake,
Tinted with sunset: next the wavy lines
Of far receding hills, and, yet more far,
Monadnock lifting from his belted pines
His rosy forehead to the evening star.
Above us purple-zoned Wachuset laid
His head against the west, whose warm light made
His aureole. And o'er him sharp and clear,
Like a shaft of lightning in mid-launch delayed,
A narrow colored line, barbed and shone upon
By the fierce lustre of the sunken sun,
Menaced the darkness with its golden spear!

LETTERS TO MRS. NEALL, E. L.'S SISTER

1

Amesbury, 8th, 11th mo., 1860

My dear Friend

I told E. that we must write thee to-day, but she is not able to do her part, so I will just say a word to thee merely as a prelude to a letter erelong. We were heartily glad to get thy kind letter and have read it over several times — a proof of our estimate of it and thee. The truth is, thy visit to A. was the pleasantest episode of our last year's life; and I am sure it did Elizabeth good. I was so sorry to be so miserably ill when I parted from thee at Lynn. I should have been more than glad to have introduced thee to Longfellow. By-the-bye, Charles Sumner was pleased with thy call on him and evidently enjoyed it, as did also Dr. Holmes. Longfellow I have not seen, but I am sure he thought it all right.

I have been unable to visit Boston for some weeks, but am now better somewhat, and hope to go soon. I spent a pleasant day with Emerson this Fall, in company with Charlotte Cushman, who,

apart from her actress vocation, is one of the noblest of women, a warm abolitionist, and friend of all good causes.

I suppose Elizabeth has not yet returned from Baltimore. I was greatly disappointed in not being able to visit her at her mountain eyrie, at Wachuset. E., I fear, was not made for a Quaker, and I cannot find it in my heart to blame her for living out her nature with its love of all beauty and harmony: and I hope and believe she has self-poise enough to sustain her in her newly found freedom. She has a deeply religious nature, but it seeks expression in other forms and symbols than those of her early faith; and circumstances have made her a little uncharitable towards the "plain Friends." Time will correct all that. As she sees more of her new associates, she will discover that human nature is very much the same, in the Episcopal canonicals, as in Monthly Meeting uniform.

I am glad thee did not go away this fall, it must be so pleasant for thy mother and sisters to have thee with them. I wish I could say that sister and I could visit Philadelphia this winter, but I dare not look forward to it as a probability.

Well, the election is over — Lincoln is elected!

The slave power rebuked for once. I do not feel like *exulted:* I am not yet sure that we have gained as much as we hoped. But I do feel grateful to our Heavenly Father that he has permitted me to see this day. I enclose one of our ballots, by which thee will see that I am one of the Electors chosen for our State.

My eyes and head forbid my writing much more. Elizabeth will be glad to write thee when she is able. Give our love to thy dear mother and to Sarah and Elizabeth.

"God bless you!" Our prayer is.
God keep you, whose care is
So tender and true:
Old friends! — We forget not,
Old friends! — We have met not
Friends dearer than you!

Ever and affectionately,
JOHN G. WHITTIER.

2

Newburyport, Mass., 1/21, 1891

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I was glad to receive thy kind letter and grateful for it. Very few of those I knew when I was in Philadelphia in 1838 are now living, and as friend after

friend passes into the solemn mystery I feel like drawing closer to those who remain. I never forgot thy visit to Amesbury when my dear sister was living: and every letter of thine has been very welcome. I wish it had been our lot to live nearer each other. There have been many times when I have longed to see and talk with thee upon matters in which I felt sure we had a common interest.

I have been rather more feeling the years of late, and have had Mrs. Thrale's "three warnings." My hearing is very imperfect, and my sight is rapidly failing. I can read but little and my pen writes without much help from my eyes. The cold weather confines me indoors almost entirely. I am stopping now with my dear relations Joseph and Gertrude Cartland, for a few weeks. Oak Knoll is now blocked with snow and ice, and the sidewalks are better cared for here than at Amesbury. I still keep my room at Amesbury. Judge Cate and his wife keep house there, and I like to go back to the home of my mother and sister. I spent a month last summer at Eliot, Maine, on the Piscataqua River, which was my only outing. I have had rather too many visitors everywhere and I have not strength to bear the strain. At my birthday I had hundreds

of letters and telegrams, most of which I have been quite unable to answer. I need rest most of all. I am thankful for the good will of others, but I prefer to wait quietly for the final call, which is near, and which I await with a sense of my frailties and errors but with a steadfast trust in the abounding mercy of God.

I sent thee a few days ago, a little book containing some poems written during the past two years, privately printed for my friends alone.

Dear Friend of many years, my heart goes out to thee with earnest wishes for thy welfare and happiness. The Lord bless and comfort thee!

Affectionately, thy aged friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

MILTON'S PRAYER OF PATIENCE

By ELIZABETH LLOYD

I am old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown,
Afflicted and deserted of my mind:
Yet I am not cast down.
I am weak yet strong!
I murmur not that I no longer see:
Poor, old and helpless, I the more belong
Father Supreme, to thee.

O merciful one!
When men are farthest, then art thou most near:
When friends pass by, my weakness shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is beaming towards me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my Lonely dwelling place,
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee
I recognize thy purpose clearly shown
My vision thou hast dimmed that I may see
Thyself — thyself alone.

I have naught to fear,
This darkness is the shadow of thy wing
Beneath which I am almost sacred — here
Can come no evil thing.

Oh! I seem to stand,
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been
Wrapped in the radiance of thy sinless hand
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go,
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng,
From angel lips, I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,
When Heaven is opening to my sightless eyes,
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,
The earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime,
My being fills with rapture, waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit — strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

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